

# The TATLER

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and **BYSTANDER**

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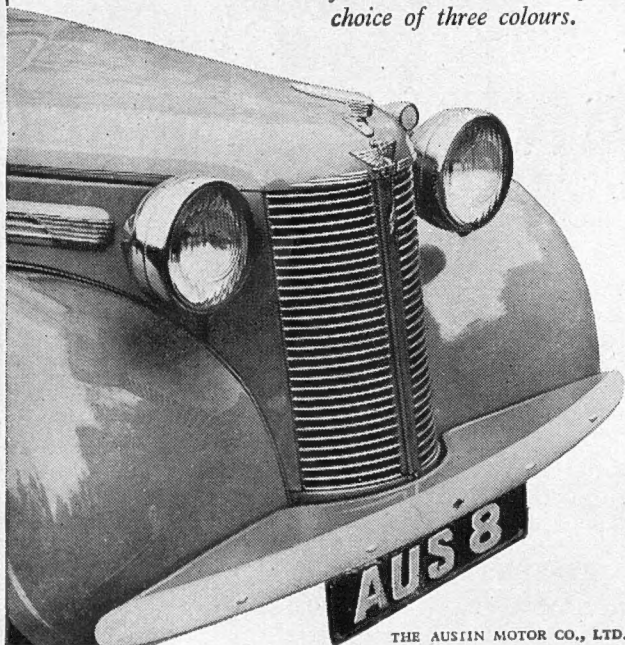


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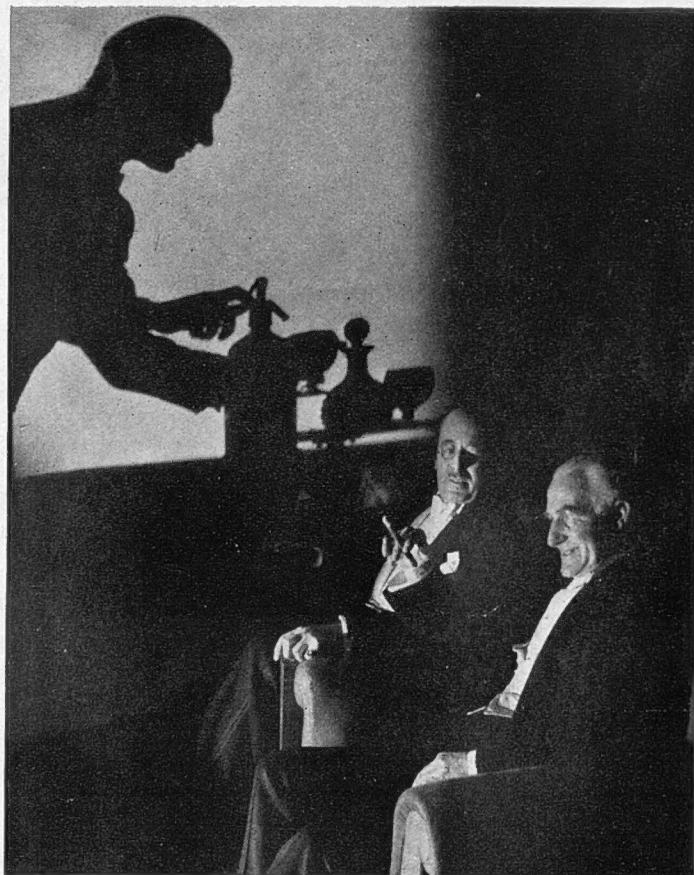


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# THE TATLER

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and BYSTANDER

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Bassano

## Viscountess Clive: Lady-in-Waiting

Lady Clive is one of the two Ladies-in-Waiting appointed to go to Australia with the Duchess of Gloucester, the other being Miss Eileen Phipps, a niece of the Duchess. Her husband, Squadron Leader Lord Clive, R.A.F., died on active service in 1943. He was the only surviving son of the Earl of Powis, his elder brother serving in the Welsh Guards, having died of wounds during the last war. Lord Clive succeeded his mother as 17th Baron Darcy de Knayth in 1929, and his six-year-old daughter, Davina Marcia Herbert, who will accompany her mother to the Commonwealth, is the present Baroness in her own right. Lady Clive is the only daughter of the late Captain J. H. Cuthbert, D.S.O., and Lady Rayleigh, and she was married in 1934





# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Report

THE Prime Minister will have quite a lot to tell the House of Commons when Members reassemble on January 16 after their comparatively short Christmas recess. His sudden flight to Greece might not then appear in such a dramatic light as it does now while we watch the developments which are flowing from his courageous action. His report on the war situation, which he promised before Parliament adjourned that he would deliver in the New Year, will be worth waiting for. There appears to be much which requires explaining, particularly regarding events which immediately preceded and followed the launching of the German counter-offensive. It may be that Mr. Churchill will not be able to tell all; but Members are asking themselves questions which they want to put to the Prime Minister, if they can get the chance. These questions relate to personalities as much as to policies. Field Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery is certain to be mentioned in a creditable light for his part in recent events in any report which Mr. Churchill makes.

## Courage

IT was typical of Mr. Churchill to hurry off to Greece, regardless of his own Christmas plans, as soon as Parliament had dispersed, in order to see what could be done by personal contact to end the unhappy situation there. At the same time, it was perhaps the most unexpected of all his journeyings. It required a lot of courage and determination to make such a flight in such weather at such a time of the year. A gesture of this kind could easily have been misunderstood, and may yet be so by those who want to cause more trouble, but Mr. Churchill made his position quite clear and that of the British Government in his

brief address to the Greek leaders whom he had gathered together under the chairmanship of the Greek Primate. The scene in that room in Athens, where the only light was that provided by hurricane lamps, and those sitting round the table wore their heavy overcoats, must have been one of the most dramatic in Mr. Churchill's remarkable career. His words to them were most carefully chosen, but I am certain of this, that they will find a place in history equal with that of his sudden appearance, accompanied by Mr. Anthony Eden, out of the skies above Athens.

It is too early to say, at the time of writing, what will be the ultimate result of Mr. Churchill's action. All must hope that it will bring peace and a reign of order to the distracted Greeks, who have suffered so much. The reign of King George of the Hellenes appears to be reaching its end, for a time at least. No monarch seems to have been so badly treated as he in recent weeks by those champions of Greece who appear to delight in dilating on all the tittle-tattle they can garner in order to tarnish the reputation of a brave and high-principled man. These critics from their very Leftness have, in my opinion, been most deftly caught in a German trap, laid by Hitler whom we now hear is the genius behind the new German offensive. It is fortunate that our military men know much better how to take advantage of Hitler's plans than do our politicians of the Left. As Mr. Churchill would say, Corporal Hitler's strategy has been one of several advantages enjoyed by the Allies in this war.

## Puzzle

THE most puzzling aspect of the German offensive to my mind is the fact that it is led by Field Marshal von Runstedt. He

belongs to the old school of Prussian militarists, and has never appeared in the role of a Nazi general. After the Allied landings had been successfully attained in Normandy, Field Marshal von Runstedt appeared to throw in his hand, and was given other and less onerous duties by Hitler. It may, of course, have all been part of the German bluff. But if reports which have circulated across the Continent for more than a year are to be believed Field Marshal von Runstedt has always felt that Germany's chances of winning the war were very slim. His name was associated with one of the many peace feelers put out by the Germans about a year ago. It seems so strange that now he is the man selected to lead the Germans in their death or glory battles; or does his association with the offensive mean something more?

## Glamour

THE way Hitler was glamorized by Goebbels at Christmas-time was a most remarkable piece of propagandizing. It makes one ask, what about Himmler now? Himmler appeared, for all practical purposes, to have assumed Hitler's place. Then suddenly the German people are told that their Fuehrer is fit and well and that he is responsible for the planning and organization of the great offensive. I suppose that the German people know what happened to Ludendorf in 1918, when the Kaiser was just as insistent as Hitler is said to be now, that there must be a fight to a finish. The German High Command must know, if the German people do not, that all the military factors are heavily weighted against them on this occasion. In 1918 the Germans were in full strength on the Western front. They had no serious preoccupations regarding their Eastern frontiers. Russia was laid low. Today the armies of Soviet Russia are poised to strike. The deadly blow may come from one of several directions, but the chances are that it will come the quickest way. The Soviet High Command will have realized how the situation in the west must eventually be to their great advantage. All the greatest German military experts have always counselled their countrymen never to engage in a war on two fronts for the simple reason that they have not the manpower to spare.

In the sixth year of the war, Hitler has put everything on the biggest gamble of his



Commander of the Fifty-First

Major-General T. G. Rennie, C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E., G.O.C., the famous 51st Highland Division, from a jeep watched his men march through Rouen. In 1940 the 51st Division, after fighting a valiant rearguard action at St. Valery, were forced to surrender, but four years later they returned to retake the town



Nawab of Bhopal Visits the R.I.A.F.

The Nawab of Bhopal, Air Commodore of the R.A.F. and special Staff Officer to the A.O.C.-in-C., recently visited members of the Indian Air Force in Assam, and saw tactical reconnaissance, fighter, fighter-bomber, and dive-bomber squadrons. With him above are Squadron Leader Jaswant Singh and Wing Commander Chatter





### 13th Corps Commander

Lieutenant-General S. C. Kirkman, C.B., C.B.E., M.C., commands the 13th Corps, which has had some of the toughest fighting in Italy. The Corps was the original nucleus round which Montgomery's famous Desert Army was built

career. He has told the Germans in the west to advance from their defence posts, and risk an avalanche of death from the air, and the unquestioned superiority in supplies and manpower of the Allies. Hitler cannot ever have expected to force a military decision in this way, a decision which could compel the Allies to withdraw from the Continent as the comparatively tiny British Army had to do in 1940. The Allies are too well established for this to happen. So the Hitler plan must have been made with the object of trying to force a compromise peace; and that may be the reason for putting Field Marshal von Rundstedt in charge of the counter-offensive.

### Finale

THERE can be little doubt that this is the final throw of the Nazis. They have demanded battle in preference to persistent defence, and have thereby restored to mobility a front which appeared to be in danger of becoming static. The Allied High Command rightly insisted, once the counter-offensive had been launched by the Germans, that there should be a temporary blackout on news from

the front. The object was to hide from the Germans information which might be of vital importance to them, and at the same time to shroud the Allied counter-measures in secrecy.

### Salutary

WHILE there are many in this country whose hopes of an early end to the war must have been disappointed, it appears that the bigger jolt has come to people in the United States. The fact that the Germans have been able to launch a counter-offensive after so much punishment has been meted out to them seems to have left most Americans in a state of bewilderment. President Roosevelt and most of the Washington leaders, however, are secure in the knowledge that they have consistently discouraged optimism. General George Marshall, who set the world agog by allowing it to be known privately that he thought the war would be ended by Christmas, was able to retract his views in time.

In his Christmas message, President Roosevelt warned his countrymen once again that fierce and heavy fighting must be expected before the Germans are finally defeated. But the President did not do or say anything to resolve the murky atmosphere which appears to hang over Anglo-American relations at this time. Observers of the American scene are becoming insistent that, if only for the sake of good neighbourliness and in the interests of a faithful ally and friend, President Roosevelt ought to give the people of the United States a directive on foreign policy which will lift from their minds the impression that everything the British do is wrong; and that every British action has some ulterior or imperial motive.

### Meeting

WE are promised a Three-Power meeting—between Mr. Churchill, President Roosevelt and Marshal Stalin—in February. If it could be arranged sooner there is no doubt that it would be to the benefit of all concerned. But should this be impossible there is no question that the British record of effort and disinterestedness, of loss and suffering, determination and success should not be allowed to be forgotten. Least of all should it be allowed to be tarnished by small-time politicians, or big-time self-seekers. This is a responsibility resting on the British Government as much as on the friends of Britain in the United States.



### Allied Commanders in Italy

Maj.-Gen. W. H. Everard Poole, Commander of the 6th South African Division, Gen. Mark W. Clark, Commander of the Allied Armies in Italy, and Maj.-Gen. W. Crittenden together visited a forward sector of the 5th Army front in Italy



### V.C. Supper Guest

C.S.M. Peter Wright, V.C. (right), Coldstream Guards, was a guest at the Old Coldstreamers' Association supper recently. He sat beside Colonel Lord Bingham, M.C., and opposite him was Lieutenant-Colonel H. M. Sainthill, D.S.O., who brought the Coldstreamers out of Tobruk



### French Air Minister in England

M. C. Tillon, the French Air Minister (left), accompanied by General M. Valin, Chief of the French Air staff, recently arrived in London. They paid a visit to Bomber Command headquarters, where they were received by Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Harris, who is seen in the centre



### Red Cross Exhibition in Cairo

Gen. Sir Bernard C. T. Paget, C.-in-C. Middle East, opened an exhibition showing the work done by the Red Cross in the Middle East at Kasr-el-Nil Barracks, Cairo. A guard of honour was formed by Red Cross nurses, and with him was Mrs. Anne Bryans, Deputy Commissioner Red Cross Middle East



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Mr. Rank and the Critics

By James Agate

AT a luncheon party given to the film critics by the directors of Gaumont-British Mr. Arthur Rank, who was in the chair, begged that the speakers, of which there were to be six, would inform him as to the essential nature of film criticism. Did film critics regard their duty as being towards their particular readers or towards the public at large? (Actually the critic's duty is to himself and nobody else. This carries with it the obligation to see that he has acquired the necessary equipment and education.) And I detected a note in the speaker's voice which suggested that the duty of the film critics was towards the film companies. As Chairman of Gaumont-British Mr. Rank went on to say that he was in a position to tell the critics the box office receipts of films which they had praised and films which they had damned. He seemed to me at this point to want his guests to answer the old question: How can a film which attracts so little money be good? How can a film which takes so much be bad?

I SHOULD not have thought that even a Hollywood magnate would seek enlightenment upon this hoary subject. But then, perhaps Mr. Rank was only leg-pulling. He knows perfectly well that "Dancing with the Dolly with the Hole in her Stocking" will sell at least fifty times more records than any song by, say, Benjamin Britten. He knows, he must know, that rubbish written for servant girls by ladies with names like Virginia Creeper or Rhoda Dendron will sell a hundred times more than books by, say, a talented writer like Rose Macaulay. He knows that any film in which Dorothy Lamour appears in company with a camel and a crooner will outsell the most exquisite productions of French cinema at its best. I think Mr. Rank knew as well as anybody round his hospitable board the difference

between a work of art and one which doesn't pretend to be. I think his difficulty is not in connection with the small exquisite film, and that he knows that the audience for pictures like, let us say, *Le Jour se Lève* or *Strange Incident* will always be a small one. His worry, I fancy, comes from not understanding how, when two films draw the same colossal figures, one can be pronounced good by the critics and the other bad. The point here, dear Mr. Rank, is that the big public, the hicks and hayseeds of the Middle West of America and the gumphs of our own Walsall and Warrington are devoid of any æsthetic appreciation whatever. To avoid unnecessary correspondence let me say that this lack of æsthetic discrimination is shared by the fashionable nit-wits of Mayfair.

PERMIT me to tell the oldest story in my repertoire. This concerns a piece now being revived after nineteen years and continuing to draw full houses—Lonsdale's *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*. Mrs. Cheyney, as readers know, is a pearl thief. Being nabbed, she ecstatically proclaims her preference for five years in jail to a night spent in the bedroom of a hard-drinking, noble rip. Later she tears up, also ecstatically, a cheque for £10,000, this being the price of her silence on matters of no importance to anybody. "I may be a thief," she says, "but I am not a blackmailer!" The last of the lady is that she buries herself in the shirt-front of the disreputable nobleman, and proposes to bear him a race of sturdy pick-pockets and indefatigable dipsomaniacs. One day while this play was still in the first flush of its first West End run I was due to deliver a lecture in the New Forest. During the course of this lecture I expatiated at length upon the follies of Mrs. Cheyney, and at the end of the lecture there was the usual demand



Star Turn of the Music Halls (Ann Sheridan)



*Shine On Harvest Moon* is a story of life on the halls in the early days of the century. Success, failure, petty jealousies and conceit make for tragedy and laughter. Ann Sheridan plays Nora, the girl who makes good, who marries the man she loves and becomes famous. Irene Manning is Blanche, who is disappointed in love and who for a time succeeds in separating Nora from her husband, and Dennis Morgan is Jack Norworth, the man who is loved by both Nora and Blanche. The popular "So Dumb But So Beautiful" comes from this film, which is at the Warner Theatre



*The Impatient Years* is Jean Arthur's latest film. In it she appears as Janie, a young wife separated from her soldier husband, Andy (Lee Bowman), within twenty-four hours of their marriage. Active service keeps Andy and Janie apart for eighteen months, and when Andy returns from the war he finds Janie is no more than a stranger to him. They decide to get a divorce, but in the Court Janie's father (Charles Coburn), asks the Judge to order that they shall retrace their steps and relive the four days when they first knew each other. The idea has complications, but it works out all right. The film, produced and directed by Irving Cummings, is at the Tivoli

for questions. But that part of the audience which had remained asleep being in an uncarping mood, no questions were forthcoming. At last a timid lady rose and said nervously: "My husband and I are thinking of running up to town for the weekend. Does the lecturer think we shall be able to get seats for *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*?" That timid lady was right. In spite of the imbecility of the plot, Lonsdale's piece is one of the most entertaining plays, not being a work of art, which can be seen in the theatre.

AND there, I think, is the answer to Mr. Rank. A good film of a bad kind is a film that is good in that kind, while a bad film of a bad kind is a film that is bad in that kind. By all means let us have Ronald and Marlene prancing about deliriously in Technicolour, as in *Kismet*. The director must see to it, however, that that prancing is delirious. By all means let us have the flowers of English womanhood running away with Frenchmen to their creeks and later running back again, always in Technicolour. Provided, however, that the



film keeps the spectator awake. I was not so fortunate the other afternoon at the Plaza.

MR. RANK seemed to think that film critics are unduly hard. I append an extract from the American *New Republic* in which Frederic Prokosch gives his impressions of a film made by Hollywood out of a book of his:—

It was called *The Conspirators*, and was, ostensibly, "based on" a book I have written. I was not, of course, idiotic enough to imagine that anything in the book had been left intact, or naïve enough to suppose that any effort had been made to capture, even faintly, the spirit or the thought of the book. I sat down in my seat in a mood of complete detachment, ready to be amused, vaguely hoping to be entertained. All I felt when I rose to go was weariness, intense boredom and a certain amazement. Weariness and boredom, after the preposterous rubbish I had been observing; amazement at the mentality which can concoct such nonsense with a straight face; amazement also at the mentality which is willing to pay to see such tedious stuff. The fact that my name happened to be attached to this product did not, I trust, disturb my objectivity; I feel, certainly, no personal annoyance. I did feel, perhaps, from time to time, a certain curiosity regarding the means by which all chances for consecutive atmosphere, suspense, characterization, feeling, verisimilitude, etc., were so consummately avoided. . . . But what amazed me more was this: that responsible and experienced (I suppose) producers could, after spending so much obvious money, ruin a film so utterly by deliberately violating the most elementary rules of construction, of common sense, of human significance, of narrative continuity, of sound acting, of good photography, of plausible *mise en scène*. I racked my brains to think of a single respect in which this film had revealed dexterity; I could think of almost none—one or two of Hedy Lamarr's costumes perhaps (most of them were ludicrous, of course); and the presence of a nice Rolls-Royce. Frankly, I don't see how any reasonable human being, whose senses have not been hopelessly corrupted by the continuous opium of Hollywood, can watch this film without feeling its quality of insult. I suppose there are plenty of others just as bad; I just happened to see this one.

And I just happen to see three like it every week. I suggest to Mr. Rank that he should digest this, and give us the result of his ruminations at the luncheon which, it occurs to me, the Critics' Circle might offer him in return for his delightful entertainment of the other day.



*Frenchman's Creek* is a swashbuckling seventeenth-century romance-adventure in which a beautiful and imperious young aristocrat, Dona St. Columb (Joan Fontaine), a married woman and the mother of two children, runs away with a pirate, Jean (Arturo de Cordova). The film is a Technicolour picturization of Daphne du Maurier's best-seller. The action centres round a pirate ship that raids the Cornish coast from a secret berth up a creek emptying into the English Channel. It was made in California on a stretch of sea coast about six hundred miles due north of Hollywood, said by the experts closely to resemble the coast of Cornwall as it was in 1668. Directed by Mitchel Leisen, the film is at the Plaza Theatre



*Dark Waters* first became well known when it ran as a serial by Frank and Marian Cockrell in the "Saturday Evening Post." Located in Louisiana, it is the story of a young girl who, shocked by a terrible experience, is driven to desperation and almost to suicide by an unscrupulous couple who, posing as her uncle and aunt, are, in fact, seeking her death in order that they may inherit the vast possessions to which she is entitled. The girl is played by Merle Oberon, Fay Bainter is her fiendish "aunt," and Franchot Tone the young doctor who saves the girl's reason, falls in love with her and succeeds in unmasking "Uncle" Norbert and "Aunt" Emily. "Dark Waters" opened at the London Pavilion last week. On the left above are Elisha Cook, Jr., as Cleve, Merle Oberon as Leslie; right, Thomas Mitchell as Mr. Sidney, Franchot Tone as Dr. George Grover, and Merle Oberon



# The Theatre

"Love In Idleness" (Lyric)

By Horace Horsnell

MR. TERENCE RATTIGAN's new comedy, *Love In Idleness*, might well have been sub-titled *The Lunts in Action*; for it is primarily, one feels, a happy medium for these accomplished comedians, relaxing from the more serious emotional tension of *There Shall*

she bags her tricky quarry with a nice blend of bluff and blarney.

A telegram announcing the return of her only son from Canada, where he has passed the war years, interrupts the game and launches the plot. She is Olivia Brown, a widow; and the house, of which she is the charmingly capricious châtelaine, belongs to Sir John Fletcher, an industrial magnate and Cabinet Minister, with whom she is happily in love and, both in the practical and the unconventionally intimate sense, is living.

The question arises: how shall this situation, of which he is in ignorance, be explained to the boy who is now nearly eighteen? Her shifts, prevarications as to his age, which reflects on her own, and other evasive stratagems as she discusses the problem with her lover, Sir John, amusingly amplify the telephone cadenza, and reveal the virtuosity of Mr. Lunt with which it is harmoniously contrasted.

MICHAEL, the boy, arrives. He comes, sees, and remains stubbornly

unconquered. For besides being young and jealous, he is romantic and something of a prig. Not only does he resist all attempts to reconcile him to the facts of his mother's life, but develops a Hamlet complex with lethal designs against Sir John. This gives the play a charade-like twist which is not, however, fully exploited; partly, I imagine, because it is so obviously a high-spirited extravagance, but more because the third act is schemed for deeper sentiment with which such mock-heroics would clash.

This third act, which shows mother and son re-established in West Kensington—she having parted from Sir John, as they say, for ever, and exchanged the fleshpots and social glamour of Westminster for the humdrum rigours of suburban housekeeping—is on more conventionally theatrical lines. Yet it has its own humours, though they seem to restrict the full exercise by Miss Fontanne of those graces of speech, movement, and poise which are her distinction and her charm. It is like a coda from another composition, and has a robustly happy ending.

THE play should please all sorts and conditions of playgoers, without seriously disappointing those who swear by *The Guardsman* and are homesick for *Reunion in Vienna*. Mr. Brian Nissen, who plays Michael, tackles a difficult task with success; that is to say he turns the Lunt duet into a trio without breaking the rhythm or marring the harmony of these delightful players; and that is no mean achievement.

It must give a dramatist true satisfaction to be thus stylishly interpreted, and Mr. Rattigan should be happy in his collaboration with the Lunts. They are not merely top-notchers, but artists, who bring to the theatre that skill and zest which add lustre to the limelight, and enhance make-believe with romantic illusion. In watching them, appreciation of their art, which has something of the quality of music, is an additional pleasure. We may prefer to see it exercised in pure comedy, even though their own hearts may be in graver themes; and while delighting in all they do, because it is they who are doing it, feel that they excel as good comedians in the happy liaison they establish between business and pleasure, their own business and our pleasure.



Living in Sin: The Cabinet Minister and his mistress (Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne)

*Be No Night*, and reminds us yet again that good actors do not always need masterpieces in which to shine. Mr. Rattigan is a dramatist with an outstanding gift for cheerful intimacy, which is enhanced by such interpreters as Alfred Lunt and incomparable Lynn Fontanne. He is most happily at home, one would say, when he casts his lines in pleasant places, and his characters are untroubled by "ideas." He has a flair for Service idiom and sentiment, can burble delightfully, and is a most companionable dramatist.

*Love In Idleness* opens auspiciously. The rising curtain discovers Miss Fontanne elegantly mischievous on a sofa, bamboozling at the telephone, and as yet untrammelled by the plot. She is playing her first cadenza: an artful hostess with a sense of humour, assembling lions (and lionesses) for a dinner-party. She enjoys this familiar essay in social finesse, and



Youth Takes Over: Michael introduces Lady Fletcher to his mother, Olivia Brown, the woman who is living in sin with Sir John (Brian Nissen, Kathleen Kent, Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne)





*Flirting from the Bridgehead.*  
Josephine Yorke as Barbara

## Viennese Operetta

Strauss Music, Dancing, Romance,  
Laughter in "A Night in Venice"

● After an interruption of some months, during which the Company fulfilled an extended E.N.S.A. tour, *A Night in Venice* has returned to the Cambridge Theatre. Music by Johann Strauss has been orchestrated by Erich Korngold, and the sumptuously-dressed Commedia Dell Arte Ballet, performed by the Pauline Grant Ballet Company, is part of the programme. Musical director is Mr. Mark H. Lubbock; director, Miss Leontine Sagan

*Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick*



*Commedia Del Arte Ballet: Columbina and Harlequin in the pas-de-deux* (Pauline Grant, Ernest Berk)



*Singing in the Kitchen: Ciboletta and Pappacoda find happiness below-stairs* (Heather Boys, Jerry Verno)



*Happy Ending: Annina and the Duke of Urbina sing "My melody for You"* (Daria Bayan, Henry Wendon)



# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### Dining Out

THEIR MAJESTIES spent very busy days indeed before Christmas, touring London clubs for Servicemen, distributing personally Christmas gifts to the staff at Buckingham Palace, attending the "stand-down" parade of the Palace Home Guard and, finally, enjoying an afternoon performance of the Princesses' pantomime in the country.

The King, departing from his usual practice of not attending dinner functions, went to the dinner given by the Government to the Regional Commissioners, who have done such good—and, in most cases, unpublicised—work throughout the war. The importance of the occasion can be judged from the fact that both His Majesty's Private Secretary, the Rt. Hon. Sir Alan Lascelles (who is first cousin to Lord Harewood), and his Assistant Private Secretary, Sir Eric Mievile, were in attendance at the dinner—a most unusual circumstance. This was, I think, the first occasion on which the King has dined in London away from the Palace during the

war, with the exception, of course, of the occasional dinner-parties given by the Prime Minister at No. 10, Downing Street, usually on the eve of major war developments. Mr. Herbert Morrison, who as Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security, has been the Minister responsible for the work of the Commissioners, presided, and proposed the toast of the King's health.

In pre-war days, functions of this kind took place in the lovely setting of Lancaster House, in St. James's Palace, and after dinner guests of the Government would walk through the galleries of the London Museum, fascinated by the relics of past centuries in their glass cases. Now Lancaster House is given over to war work, and the Government entertained the Commissioners at a London hotel.

### Greetings

FOR their Christmas card, the King and Queen chose a very happy group of themselves with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret.

It was the Queen's idea to make this departure from the conventional snow-and-holly scenes, and all those friends of the family who have received the card are delighted with this intimate remembrance.

By a coincidence, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester hit, independently, on the same idea, and their card shows them sitting, with sturdy young Prince William standing at his father's side, and baby Prince Richard smiling happily in his robes on his mother's knee. The Gloucesters were unable to join the King and Queen for Christmas, and the holiday was spent very quietly in the country by Their Majesties with the Princesses.

### British Fund for Warsaw

LADY SINCLAIR, wife of the Secretary of State for Air, held a tea-party recently to meet the Polish Ambassador and Countess Raczynska and to launch an appeal for the British Fund for Warsaw, of which she is chairman. In the absence of Mr. John Gielgud, who was prevented by illness from coming to speak on behalf of this appeal, Lady Sinclair made an excellent speech, saying how Warsaw has suffered longer and more cruelly than any other city. The survivors of the last desperate battle, about 400,000 men, women and children, are now herded in camps without the bare necessities of life. It has now at last been made possible to get some relief to them in the form of food, clothes and medical supplies, which the International Red Cross Committee in Geneva have

(Continued on page 10)



The Hon. Daphne Canning, Lord Garvagh's younger daughter, who is in the W.A.A.F., sat by Lt. M. F. Turner Bridger



Miss Barbara Abel Smith was sitting out during one of the dances, and her companion was Capt. R. Wills



Viscountess Vaughan and Capt. Gerrdes, U.S. Army



Major Tony Pawson and the Countess of Midleton





*Lady Hamond-Graeme had Major David Smiley and Lady Irene Haig as two members of her party*

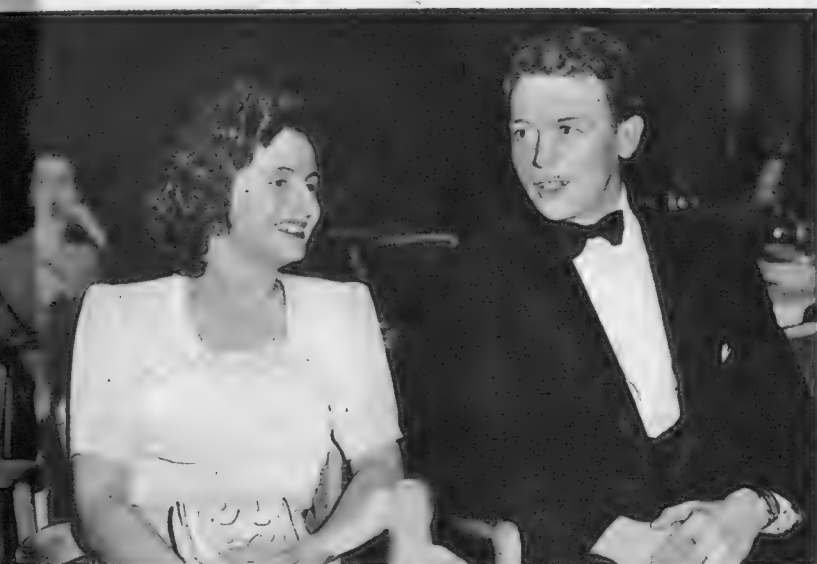
## A Christmas Ball

In Aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital

● The Queen Charlotte's Hospital Ball, held at Grosvenor House on December 16th, was the twentieth since the war in aid of this good cause. The first, in March 1940, was attended by Mr. Churchill on the occasion of his daughter Mary's debut. There was a large number of young people, and among the hostesses was Lady Hamond-Graeme, with sixty people at her table. Another Ball will be held on January 13th for the benefit of those who were unable to attend the last



*Mr. Alex Cullen, of the Argentine Embassy, was there, and the Hon. Audrey Paget, whose engagement was recently announced*



*Lady Elizabeth Fitzmaurice and Mr. Luke White were in conversation. She is the Marquis of Lansdowne's daughter*



*Sir Egerton Hamond-Graeme watched the dancing with Marie Lady Willingdon. The Hamond-Graemes had a party of sixty*



*Lt.-Col. John Flint and the Hon. Anne Scott-Montagu*



*Lord Fairfax and Miss Lavender Scott Robson*





### Out at Night: Dining in a London Restaurant

This party, waiting for their dinner, included the Hon. Hugh Astor, the Hon. David and Mrs. Ormsby-Gore, Lady Elizabeth Cavendish and Mr. J. Wyndham



Swabe

At this table Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill, the Duke of Marlborough's younger daughter, and Miss Violet de Trafford had Lord Porchester sitting between them

## On and Off Duty

(Continued)

agreed to distribute. Lady Sinclair has been able to arrange shipping space, and she has already received a large consignment of clothing from the always-generous people of Canada. Funds, however, are urgently needed, and Lady Sinclair would be grateful for any contributions, which should be sent direct to her at 29, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

### Guests and Supporters

LADY SINCLAIR, dressed in red, received the guests with Countess Raczynska, and was helped in entertaining by Lady Portal, Lady Theodosia Cadogan, Sir William Crawford and G/Capt. Sir Louis Greig, all of whom are on the executive committee. Marie Marchioness of Willington, in her Red Cross uniform, was an early arrival, as were Lord and Lady Ebbisham, who sat at the side of the room surrounded by friends. Lady Hamond-Graeme, dressed entirely in black, was accompanied by Sir Egerton; Lady Jowitt was in Y.M.C.A. uniform; Lady Cohen in American Red Cross uniform. There were many members of the R.A.F. and their wives present to hear their chief's wife make her appeal; amongst these I saw Air Chief-

Marshal Sir Frederick and Lady Bowhill, who arrived together; Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur and Lady Harris; Air Chief-Marshal Sir Christopher and Lady Courtney; Air Marshal Sir John and Lady Bradley, and Air Marshal Sir Harold and Lady Whittingham. Others there were Lady Tweedsmuir, Lord Courtauld Thompson, Lord and Lady Iliffe, Sir Rhys and Lady Williams, Mrs. Lloyd George, Mr. and Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd, Sir Maurice and Lady Bonham-Carter, Lady Crosfield, Lady Fulton, Major-Gen. Sir John Kennedy.

### Wedding Reception

DORIS LADY ORR-LEWIS held a reception after the marriage of her sister, Mrs. Hannay, to Major Alan Cottrill at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, just before Christmas. She gave the party in one of the very big reception-rooms of the Chesterfield Club, and there was ample room for the guests to enjoy dancing to an excellent band, after the bride and bridegroom had cut the cake. The bride wore a most attractive short blue dress and hat, with a spray of orchids on her shoulder. Amongst the guests were the Marquis and Marchioness of Donegall, who came together, the latter with a very gay hanky cleverly tied on her head; Sir Spencer and Lady Spriggs, who had their daughter with them; Major Guy Lloyd, D.S.O., who has been the Member for East Renfrewshire since 1940;

Lady Phyllis Allen; and Lady Newborough, who was with Lady Victor Paget.

Mrs. Hordern, Doris Lady Orr-Lewis's daughter, was looking very pretty in a red velvet hat, with a lovely mink coat; she was accompanied by her husband, Lt.-Cdr. "Libby" Hordern, in naval uniform, who had managed to get away from the Admiralty in time to enjoy this late-afternoon wedding. Sir Charles Doughty, the brilliant K.C., was another enjoying himself; so was the Hon. Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie, who, before her marriage in 1936 to Lord Radnor's brother, was the widow of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, and is the mother of the present peer, now just eighteen. Mr. Lee, father of the bride, and Doris Lady Orr-Lewis were chatting to Miss Inga Anderson. Major H. P. Paterson was the best man, and amongst others there were Lady Armstrong, Mr. Erskine Hill, M.P., Admiral and Mrs. Barry, Lady Prince, Sir Max and Lady Pemberton, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Beyfus, Mr. and Mrs. Montague Cottrill and Lady Dent.

### Queen Charlotte's Ball

THE balls in aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital go on for ever, and each one seems to be as successful as its forerunner. The one the other night was so crowded that it has necessitated another one, which is to take place on January 13. This latest was

(Concluded on page 24)



Poole, Dublin

Major Sir Ian Stewart-Richardson, Bt., Irish Guards, and Miss Audrey Odum, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Odum, of Leinster Grove, Naas, Co. Kildare, were married recently in Dublin



Swabe

### A Wedding in Ireland and Two in London

Mr. Ralph Etherton, M.P., son of the late Capt. Louis Etherton and Mrs. Etherton, married Miss Johanne Cloherty, daughter of Mr. Gerald Cloherty, in the Crypt Chapel of the House of Commons



Lt.-Col. David T. Dobie, The Parachute Regiment, married Miss Aline Rosemary Hunter-Blair, only daughter of Lt.-Col. D. Hunter-Blair, The Gordon Highlanders, and Mrs. Hunter-Blair, at St. Saviour's, Walton Street





General the Duke of Gloucester with  
the Duchess and Prince William

The Duke was spending a few days' leave with his family at Barnwell Manor, Northamptonshire, when this picture was taken. He will shortly be taking over his duties as Governor-General of Australia. The Duchess and his two sons, Prince William and Prince Richard, will be accompanying him to the Commonwealth, and a great welcome is being prepared for the royal family at Canberra



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

To purge Maxim's in the Rue Royale of pre-war cosmopolitan raffishness and wartime Bocheery alike by turning it into a British Empire Club is an excellent idea. You don't find sensible people dancing on restaurant tables or drinking champagne out of foreign floozies' footwear.

It is now the duty of *The Merry Widow* gang to modernise Prince Danilo's out-of-date theme-song. E.g.:

I'm going to Maxim's,  
Where no one sings or screams,  
But sober chaps would sooner  
Swap yarns of Gib. and Poona (etc.).

Not that you ever saw any Ruritanian orgies at Maxim's even in the rococo 1900's, old boulevardiers say. A lot of irritable and even embittered faces under comic paper hats at Réveillon or New Year supper-parties was all we ever personally noticed there in the 1920-30's. You heard a fair amount of sotto-voce snarling also, as at every other gay restaurant; in fact our impression of the Gay Life as viewed in three cosmopolitan capitals may be summed up in three words: "Oh, shut up!" In London at the New Year you often hear this phrase hissing from pearly teeth between the pauses of "Auld Lang Syne," which matey dirge might be revised for this purpose some time.

For Au-au-auld La-aang Syne, my dear,  
For Au-au-uld La-aang Syne,  
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
You will!—I won't!—That's fine!

Skilful restaurateurs cash in on this party-spirit by giving the revelers a lot of things to throw at each other on gala-nights, but never the right things, we once gathered from the wail of a small but redoubtable sweetheart in pink and silver.

## Hangover

MARCHING through the ancient streets of Lichfield henceforth with bayonets fixed, drums beating, flags flying, and bands playing in accordance with a recent privilege, the U.S. Army may be struck, as we were, by the attractive yet severe faces of the citizenry. Some of the soldiery may not know why the typical Lichfield pan is slightly haggard and ominous. It is because Lichfield is the City of Beautiful Inherited Hangovers.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, Lichfield's greatest son, supplies the evidence with his well-known remark that in his youth all the "decent people of Lichfield" got drunk every night, regularly. Fun for the bourgeoisie, says you. Two or three charming cathedrals swaying rhythmically in the



"Well, I suppose tradition had a lot to do with my choice—Grace Darling; Shenandoah; Lady Hamilton—you know!"

summer evening breeze. Five or six bob-wigged Mayors grinning in a row, all as round, red, shiny, and exactly similar as Edam cheeses. Fifteen identical Mrs. Smiths dancing a nightly jig in the light of 500 whirling candles, and every time you tried to tickle their combined neck you fell down and everybody roared. Fairy lights and voices in Lichfield bedrooms urging stout aldermen to fly through the window and play with the birdies. High old times, says you. But what of the Morning After, watchman? What of *le vierge, le vivace, et le bel aujourd'hui*?

## Footnote

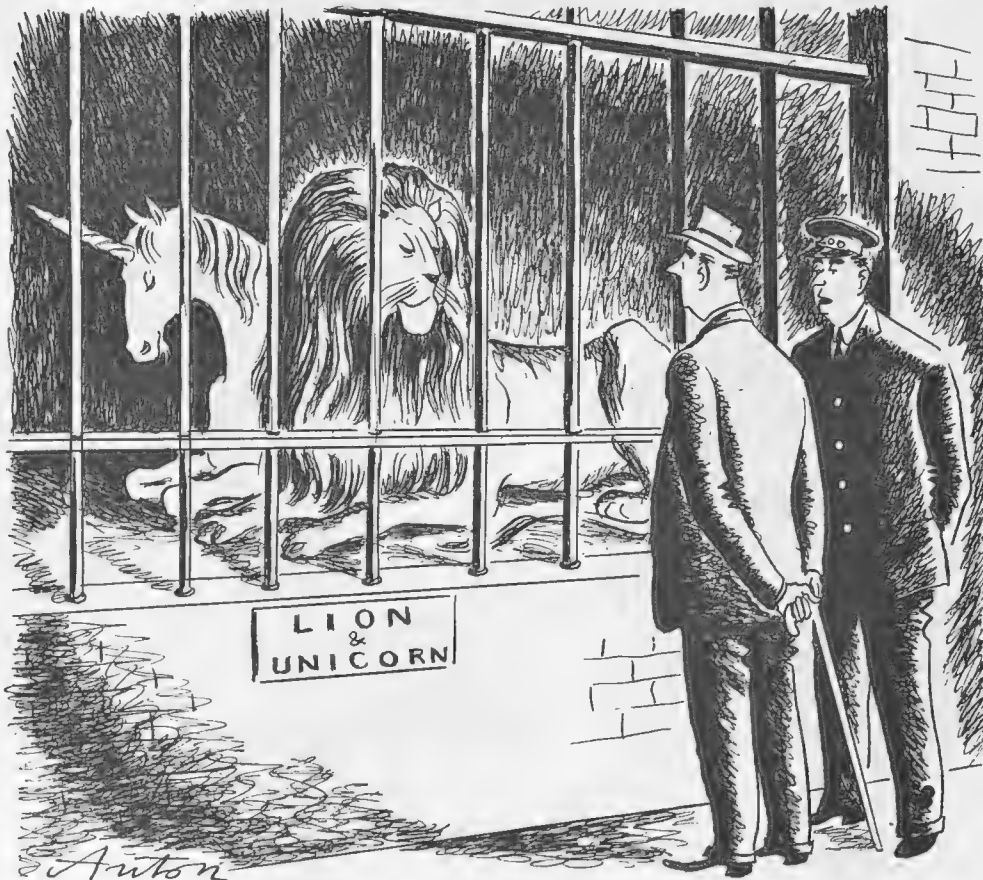
NATURALLY Lichfield is not the only English city which got solidly plastered every night during the 18th century, when threequarters of the Island Race was more or less permanently bottled. But you recall it more in Lichfield because the local pan has a classic purity found only in Tuscany, Croydon, and one or two other places, and this inherited hangover lends it a bleak brooding severity which makes many visitors nervous. "Why are you not leading a better life?" the accusing Lichfield pan seems to say. Answer adjudged correct: "Because our great-great-grandfather probably didn't get as cockeyed as yours."

## Fuss

ACCORDING to one of Auntie Times's fussy little readers, the map given in *Treasure Island* would have been no more use for finding Captain Flint's buried gold than dandruff. And another fussy one says the *Hispaniola* could not have been a schooner, since schooners at that period were exclusively American.

Shoving our own dainty oar into this maelstrom, we wish to suggest that Long John Silver was Harrow and Balliol, as is revealed by (a) his politeness, (b) his fondness for money, (c) his habit of bowling people over first with his crutch before knifing them in the back, and (d) his marriage to a negress. Our theory is that Silver, a rowing man, was sent down from Balliol circa 1734

(Concluded on page 14)



"For my part—what I find curious is that they never fight"



## Women in Uniform



Mrs. C. R. Wheeler

Yvonne Gregory

Left: Mrs. C. R. Wheeler is Hon. Secretary to the Dudley House Allocation of the Personal Service League, Hon. Secretary to the Dudley House Committee which administers the depot of the British War Relief Society. She is also Vice-Chairman of the Case Committee of the Polish Relief Fund. Her husband is Deputy Controller of Iron and Steel at the Ministry of Supply



Coe, Norwich

Mrs. Denis Millar

Mrs. Denis Millar, 3rd Officer, W.R.N.S., whose husband is in the Sherwood Foresters, is the second daughter of Major and Mrs. Maxwell Close, of Drumbanagher, Northern Ireland. Her father is Master of the Newry Harriers



2nd Officer Ann Haldin

2nd/O. Ann Haldin, W.R.N.S., is the only daughter of Sir Philip Haldin, of Lympne Place, Kent. This portrait of her, painted by Mr. Frank Salisbury, was exhibited at the Royal Society of Portrait Painters at Burlington House, where it aroused a great deal of interest



Miss J. M. Woollcombe

Miss J. M. Woollcombe is the only daughter of the late Admiral Maurice Woollcombe, C.B., and Mrs. Woollcombe. She is Senior Deputy Director (Manning), W.R.N.S., and has served in the Force since the beginning of the war. She was awarded the C.B.E. in this year's Birthday Honours



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

for knifing chaps and getting engaged to a charming coloured Professor of Economics at Lady Margaret Hall, Balliol, being a bit touchy on the colour-question at that time. His final interview with the Dean went as follows:

"I am inform'd, Mr. Silver, you have an ill-bred Habit of knifing People?"

"Yes, Sir."

*Here the Dean gave a mirthless hoot, a peculiarity of his.*

"I believe it is your Intention, on going down, to become a Pirate?"

"Yes, Sir."

"A Gothick Decision, Mr. Silver. An otiose and impolitic Procedure. You will regret it."

*Here the Dean hopped round the room on one leg, thinking; another little peculiarity.*

"And further, you have newly engag'd yourself, with a View to Matrimony, to a Female, connected with Economicks, whose sooty Hue proclaims her Origin on Africk's Shores?"

"Yes, Sir."

*Another mirthless hoot.*

"And finally, Mr. Silver, you have describ'd this Female, to several Persons about the University, as Helen of Troy?"

"'Tis but a Lover's Whim, Sir. A poetick Fancy."

*Here the Dean's face became suddenly suffused with diabolic hate and he danced on his wig.*

"Perjur'd Wretch! I am Helen of Troy!"

## Sequel

SILVER then knifed the Dean and was sent down. Meanwhile his negress had bunged in her notice to the Principal, saying simply: "Ah jus' don' fehncy dehmm doggone ole figgahs no moah." They took the night coach to Bristol, and Silver signed on next day with Flint. On being informed of the late Dean's claim to be Helen of Troy, the Master of Balliol merely shrugged and said: "Sure the poor Dotard was frantick! How could the Fellow be Helen of Troy, when I am?" The matter then dropped.

## Ordeal

WHENEVER the late Philip Guedalla got to his feet with that mannered suavity, you knew you were going to hear a string of comely epigrams and not a word about the Englishman, the Irishman, and the Scotsman. In fact, the very rare kind of speech one could endure on an empty stomach.

Practically all other after-dinner orators depend on the distended paunch and the glazed orb. We've often thought how easy it would be to shatter some typical Ministerial dumbo by refusing all food during dinner and fixing him with 500 pairs of bright, clear, alert, militant, fasting eyes. He never dreams of this the night before, rehearsing his stuff in his nightshirt before the bedroom mirror.

"Will they stand for that, Emily?"

"If sufficiently congested, I suppose."

"What if I got the manager to dope their garbage?"

"The Buffalo always does."

"I don't want any of them dying on me, that's all."

"Does that matter?"

This practice, a chap tells us, is pretty widespread. Generally some fairly harmless bromide is used, but now and again they slip up and you see a purple swollen figure removed and realise that somebody's handed in his dinner-pail. This means a rap for the head-waiter if it interrupts the big boy. Ss-sst! Ssst! Hep! Ohé! Par ici! S-SSH!

## Footnote

ANOTHER common practice, if they see a half-conscious guest swallowing an aspirin while a Minister is speaking, is to rush him right out, as at Monte Carlo, to



"Never mind the publicity; get me out of here!"

the waiting surgeon with the stomach-pump. Monsieur is unhappy, so? Monsieur tires of life, no? Monsieur thinks he can die right here, hein? Hey, Joe, taxi.

## Circus

LEADING orchestras no longer rise to greet their conductor, a music critic has been explaining, because it was supposed to be a rare tribute and has long since become indiscriminate.

It was always a pretty reluctant and growling rise, anyway, from our own observation. At Queen's Hall we once saw a ferocious oboe named Sultan jump from his perch and take a claw at Fürtwangler as he bowed to the public. A single hissing order drove Sultan back, but it looked for a moment as if the entire orchestra would have torn its tamer in pieces. Naturally conductors who train with nothing but kindness, patience and the Human Eye (Toscanini or Basil Cameron, again) are rarely in danger, though always armed, for the woodwind is treacherous. Half-tamed clarinets are said to be the worst; one taste of a conductor's rich red blood and no woman is safe.

## Trusties

THE steadying influence in an orchestra is the double-bass, a lot of tried old trustees. Whether sawing soberly away or placidly eating the ham-sandwiches they keep in their huge fiddles, with their running-repair kit, first-aid kit, a spare shirt, and other odds and ends, they can always be relied on. Moreover they delight in simple-hearted romance. "Has Prince Charming," they will say archly to some shy girl harpist, jerking a thumb at the rostrum, "smiled at our little friend again to-day? Aha! Oho!" "Oh, you are awful!" says the blushing chit. The double-bass then say "But hist!" and pretend to hear wedding-bells. It may sound futile or soppy to you, but we're not all so sophisticated, thank Heaven.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Look—there's one flying backwards!"



# Mothers and Children



**Mrs. Patrick Leith**, seen with her daughter, Meryan Patricia Louise, is the wife of Major Patrick T. V. Leith, K.R.R.C., only son of Major A. R. Leith and the Hon. Mrs. Leith, of Petmathen, Aberdeenshire. She is the only daughter of Col. and Mrs. H. W. Mirehouse, of Belwardyn Hall, Cressage, Shropshire



**Mrs. John Duckworth**, wife of Major John Duckworth, Rifle Brigade, was Miss Diana Tollemaar before her marriage in 1941. Her husband, youngest son of the late Sir George Duckworth and Lady Margaret Duckworth, has recently returned after two-and-a-half years with the Eighth Army. Their son, Anthony Nicolaar George, is two



**Mrs. Manwaring Robertson** is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Meares, and has two sons, Simon, aged three, and Jamie, born last July. Her husband, Capt. David Manwaring Robertson, Welsh Guards, is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Manwaring Robertson, of Kings-Binsted, Alton



**Mrs. S. L. Buxton** is the widow of Major Samuel Luckyn Buxton, M.C. and Bar, 17/21st Lancers, who was killed in action in Italy in May 1944. She was Miss Pamela Mary Birkin, and is the elder daughter of the late Sir Henry Birkin and Lady Edward Hay. Her small daughter is called Christine



**Left:** **Mrs. Brian Thynne**, photographed with her daughter, Harriet, is the wife of G/Capt. Brian Thynne, A.F.C., younger son of Col. and Mrs. Ulric Thynne, and cousin of the Marquess of Bath. Mrs. Thynne was formerly Naomi Waters, the actress, and is the only daughter of Mr. C. E. Waters, of Sydney, Australia

Photographs by  
Marcus Adams, Bacon  
and Ismay Taylor,  
G. W. Gibson and  
E. W. Pannell





Clive: "Has anyone lost a diminutive utensil, containing, unless I am mistaken, a favourite preparation for the toilet?"  
The meeting of Clive (Cecil Trueman) and his former wife, Lady Kitty (Yvonne Arnaud), is a little unorthodox. Clive has returned from Paris earlier than expected, and it is a shock to everyone when he breaks in on the luncheon party to which Kitty and her lover, Lord Porteous (Leslie Banks), have been invited.



Lady Kitty: "In the eyes of the Church I am still your wife. The Church is so wise."  
Lady Kitty cannot resist the temptation to flirt with her ex-husband. She even offers to return to him.



Lady Kitty: "That's where we went when Hughie and I— Oh, you know the things, how I envy you!"  
Lady Kitty discovers that her daughter-in-law, Elizabeth (Rosalie Crutchley), is planning to run away from Arnold with the man she loves, Edward Luton (Patrick Croft).



# Another Maugham Revival

"The Circle" is Included in  
John Gielgud's Repertory

● *The Circle*, by Somerset Maugham, was chosen by John Gielgud as the opening play of his new repertory season at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. Twenty-three years ago, when this play was first presented at the same theatre, it caused a sensation in London society; present-day audiences are less inclined to be shocked, and the actors get the laughs and applause they so well merit. Briefly, the play weighs up the merits of respectability at all costs versus freedom at a cost which varies according to temperament. Lady Kitty and Lord Porteous have paid a big price for their so-called happiness, but it seems possible that Elizabeth and Edward, who belong to a more emancipated generation, may find that life treats them less unkindly. The play is directed by William Armstrong, with costumes made by Jay's to the design of H. W. Luker

Photographs by Cecil Beaton



Lady Kitty: "Do you take sugar?"

Arnold: "No, I gave it up"

Lady Kitty: "So wise of you. So bad for the figure"

Lady Kitty makes every effort to get to know her son, Arnold (John Gielgud), whom she has not seen for thirty years



Lady Kitty: "Are you very much in love with Mr. Luton?"

Elizabeth: "I love him with all my heart"

Lady Kitty feels it her duty to warn Elizabeth from personal experience of the disadvantages of divorce to a woman



Clive: "I'm willing to bet five hundred pounds to a penny she won't bolt!"

Clive, warned that his daughter-in-law has threatened to leave Arnold, will not believe she will take the final step. Kitty and Lord Porteous enjoy the joke, for they have already lent their car to the young couple



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

## Companion of the Bath : Major-General R. E. Urquhart, C.B., D.S.O.

The Insignia of a Companion of the Military Division of the Order of the Bath was recently conferred on Major-Gen. Urquhart. Commander of the 1st Airborne Division which made such a magnificent stand at Arnhem, he received his award at an investiture at Buckingham Palace when over sixty Glider men and Paratroops who took part in the operation were decorated. Major-Gen. Urquhart was educated at St. Paul's School, as was Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery, whom he accompanied to the Middle East, serving under him from Alamein to Tunisia, and through Sicily to Italy. The Field-Marshal presented him with the ribbon of the D.S.O. at a field ceremony. Major-Gen. Urquhart, who is forty-two, was commissioned in 1920 in the Highland Light Infantry. The son of Dr. Alexander Urquhart, of Shepperton, Middlesex, he married in 1939 Miss Pamela Condon, and they have two daughters





### Hockey Match: the Hockey Association Beats Cambridge University

D. R. Stuart

The Hockey Association team, seen above, defeated Cambridge University by 8 goals to nil, and hope to meet Oxford in February. Sitting: R. E. Pearmund, Major J. Balmer, T. L. Rowan (captain), R. E. C. Goddard, C. Paget. Standing: W. C. Longstaffe, Capt. P. R. Thomas, Capt. P. C. Webb, K. Smith, Sub-Lt. Mathewson, R.N., Rev. C. E. Johnson, L. W. A. Osborne, C. F. H. Wagstaffe

Cambridge University Hockey XI., beaten by the Hockey Association, have defeated the R.A.F., and are busy practising before they meet Oxford on February 24th. Sitting: W. Van Agnew, G. H. Dunkerly, Kenneth Buckley (captain), P. de A. Mumby, J. Macdougall. Standing: E. Holmes, G. M. Hughes, A. N. Scott, G. P. Ryan, F. P. Ruoff, J. K. Yates

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Super-Imposing

It is suggested that anyone whom recent happenings may have made feel like a bowlful of quivering curds should super-impose the battle plan of Blenheim upon that of the Battle of the Rhine, and then ask himself the question whether Von Rundstedt is not the best General fighting on the side of the United Nations? The supplementary question is obviously: What is the difference between "Ike" and a fox? Answer to be given in one word.

## The Stirrup-Cup

SCENE, A BREMEN BIER KELLER: Enter Zwei Herrenvolk, one thin with a long white beard: the other a roundabout sort of man with a fierce Hohenzollern moustache. "Zwei Münchener Bier, bitte!" says the fat one to the dog-faced lady behind the bar. "Ja! Ja!" says she, and putting down one of them in front of the fat man: "Mein Reichsmarschall!"

and putting the other one in front of the thin one: "Mein Führer." Both customers stand aghast. "Donnerwetter! You know us?" "Ja! Ja!" says the damsel, "Aber ruhig!" Then in a whisper: "Ich bin Göbbels!"

## "On the Road . . ."

THE next two words, naturally, are "To Mandalay." The best road—and I speak from personal experience—is by one of those Irrawaddy luxury liners which used to exist before the slime of the Sons of Heaven polluted a very beautiful, but quite definitely trying, land. I wonder whether the author of a well-known song ever went to Mandalay. I doubt it. In any case, he was a very bad geographer, for China is not "across the Bay"—meaning, of course, the Bay of Bengal—and even Thomas Atkins of the Mulvaney epoch knew that. Flying fishes are not at play when they land on the deck of your ship: they are flying for their lives to escape being eaten by porpoises, or

other hunters of the deep. Moulmein, where there are many "old pagodas," is not on the road to Mandalay. The eastern dawn does not "come up like thunder": it is usually quite quiet, and as beautiful as most other dawns; pastel shades of amethyst, violet, pink, pale yellow—rather soothing, provided you are not a hippopotamus by temperament. As to the rest, Kipling may be correct. "East of Suez men can, and do, raise a thirst: the Ten Commandments, however, do still exist in those latitudes, and, probably, are not more transgressed than they are "on the road to" Mayfair or Marylebone. The Gymkhana Club in Rangoon covers a floor space about one hundred times more than the Carlton Club in Pall Mall, and most of the ground floor is for short and long drinks. The Pegu Club is also damp, and under the billiard-tables they keep charcoal braziers burning when the rains are on, the same as they do under your soppy bed. Incidentally, these dehydrating appliances are removed when you go into action in either situation, for they are rather apt to asphyxiate.

## "Beautiful" Burma

AND it is beautiful to the eye—a fairyland, a paradise, an Arcadia—and the people condemned to live there have always tried to induce you to believe that they like it. But I have found the same thing in Aden, where the only sign of vegetable life which I, personally, have ever seen is a stunted cactus, and the only habitable spots Steamer Point and the Gunners' Mess. Yet they bravely swear to you

(Concluded on page 20)



### Six Air-Sea Rescue Pilots of One of the Walrus Squadrons

W/Cdr. A. D. Grace, D.F.C., an Australian, formerly C.O. his squadron, holds a permanent commission in the R.A.F.

Lt. A. B. "Barry" Edgar, of the Fleet Air Arm, is one of the squadron's ace rescue pilots

Sub-Lts. G. Kiddie and P. W. Ellis, R.N.V.R., are members of the Fleet Air Arm flying with the Air-Sea Rescue Squadron of the R.A.F.

Warrant Off. J. Rose has the reputation in his squadron of rescuing the greatest number of airmen

F/Lt. Terry Roden, pre-war medical student, often administers first aid to the men he rescues from "the drink"



### Rugby Match: Bedford Beats Haileybury and Imperial Service College

D. R. Stuart

Bedford Rugby XV. had previously defeated Stowe, Dulwich and Rugby, before their victory over Haileybury and Imperial Service College. On ground: G. H. Paine, D. H. Walsh. Sitting: G. S. S. Gilbert, L. W. McLean, P. E. Marshall (captain), G. W. J. Penney, D. F. Studman. Standing: P. D. Vulliamy, P. H. Wright-Nooth, D. B. S. Markham, M. G. Allen, M. A. Fenton, P. V. Pledger, D. N. L. Knapp, P. E. Erskine Murray

Haileybury and Imperial Service College, before losing to Bedford by 3 points to 6, had won all their previous matches this term. On ground: R. A. G. Courage, A. S. Nunn. Sitting: H. J. Evans, G. H. Phesey, O. S. Kverndal (captain), F. C. E. Whiting, D. C. Houghton-Brown. Standing: H. G. H. Stafford, N. Smallman, M. I. Lasman, R. H. C. Thursby-Pelham, W. E. G. Buckley, P. G. Sawyer, H. M. Kenyon, K. R. V. James

## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

that they like it, just as do the unsung heroes in Burma. Credat Judæus Apella, say I! Beauty, even at Aden; for those barren rocks which inspired a writer of pipe music are a very poem of colour, brown, yellow, indigo streaks, to any eye as the ship comes in from far-off Bombay, and Burma, with equal right, would inspire the artist and the poet. But these physical adornments do not make for the comfort of the not-so-romantic. The thing called the Burma Cheroot, in my opinion, would kill an elephant at ten paces. The appalling substance, the caviare of the East, which is stacked on the jetties on the waterfront in Rangoon, would make a too-dead buzzard smell like the perfumes of Araby the Blest; "Burma Head," a variant of amnesia, has never been exactly diagnosed by the medical faculty, and I do not propose to run the risk of suggesting what exactly it is: but it exists, and is the explanation of much that would otherwise seem to be incapable of answer. To me, a quite unprejudiced observer, so much seemed to be topsy-turvy. The Mounted Police in Rangoon, for instance; huge Sikhs who had only to put their feet on the ground to allow their chargers to walk away from under them; their regulation lances, with regulation pennons all complete, seemed a bit quaint. The Burma pony was not much higher at the withers than many a pig that some of us no doubt have pursued in our salad days when we were green in judgment, young in blood. His neck was just about as thick as Old Man Boar's; his head like a coffin, his mouth—? Yet having ridden him in one of those Rangoon paperchases, a great deal of the course of which, with its baby fences, is along the grass verges of the wide roads,

I hand it to him as a grand performer, provided you have the sense to leave him alone. He will jump water at least six times his own length, and do it faultlessly. He has no shoulders; he stands as straight as a pole on his sturdy legs, and he is as ugly as sin, yet again I hand it to him. What a performer! I believe that he would give you far fewer falls than many an animal sold to you as foolproof by Messrs. —,

we won't say who! To revert: Rangoon and Mandalay are very beautiful. The two small lakes in the former are not the least of her adornments, and the big lakes, to which you ride through miles and miles of the Pineapple Jungle, not much less so. The Shwe Dagon, and that smaller pagoda of which I forget the name, are very entrancing, the big one—bombed, I hear, by the Japs—coated as to its dome with gold leaf, hence its name The Golden Pagoda. You can see it for miles long before your ship has got into the Rangoon River. The gay crowds in every hue of the rainbow, plus a few more, green, pink, yellow, light blue, saffron—a kaleidoscope—and everyone laughing, also smoking, even the youngest damsel, dead-looking yellow cheroots, the thickness of a pre-war Cambridge sausage, and, pervading all, that peculiar scent, which is so different from all others, and a thing quite apart from those of Hindustan, Ceylon, Persia and even Tibet, where they know quite a bit about smells.

### Gamblers

THE Burman is absolutely incurable, and I should think even fonder of it than his next-door neighbour, the Chinese. Racing he loves; but he will bet on almost anything. Rangoon has a good little racecourse with a steeplechase course annexed. It is all very much in miniature, and I should not think that there is hardly any fence on the jump course much higher than 3 ft., the biggest perhaps 3 ft. 6 in., but that would be real "Aintree" size. The ponies, the real Burmans, average only about thirteen hands, and some look even smaller. However, the inhabitants used to have tremendous fun, and, after all, everything in this wicked world is comparative. There has been so much said about how it can rain that it is unnecessary to add a single word. Burma, however, has not much on Bengal for either rain or tropical tangles. The foothills of the Himalayas are nice going for elephants, snakes and monkeys—but not for you and me.



### Echo of the Record Sales: by "The Tout"

Records went by the board at Newmarket when Mrs. F. Nagle gave 15,000 guineas for Carpatia, the highest price ever paid for a two-year-old at a public auction. Mrs. Nagle also paid 6000 guineas for the mare Summer Seas, and may be remembered as the owner of Sandspite, who a few years back ran second in Midday Sun's Derby. Major "Paddy" Doyle, a famous G.R. in his day, sold Sister Clara (a mare which originally cost him only 20 guineas) for 11,000 guineas. Mr. Clifford Nicholson, a fairly recent recruit to breeding, has a flourishing stud farm in Lincolnshire. Mr. P. Van Cutsem races on a moderate scale at Newmarket, and Mr. F. H. Bowcher, who has owned horses on the flat and over the sticks for years, lives in Essex. The Duke of Norfolk is a member of the Jockey Club and a very keen racegoer



# On Active Service



D. R. Stuart

## Headquarters Staff of a R.A.F. Training Unit

Front row: S/Ldr. O. W. T. Rogers, Major the Hon. B. A. A. Ogilvy, M.V.O., M.C., S/Ldr. J. W. Maddock, G/Capt. G. C. Bladon, S/Ldrs. A. H. Bushell, M.B.E., J. R. Cox, J. A. S. Green. Middle row: F/Lt. G. T. Witherwick, S/Ldr. Rev. B. H. Gibbs, F/Lts. J. D. Grant, A. H. Snell, J. Barton, S/Ldr. Rev. J. C. Luck, F/Lt. G. Shaw. Back row: F/Lt. W. Bowring, F/Lt. R. H. White, F/O. W. David, F/Lt. W. S. Worthington



D. R. Stuart

## Instructional Staff Officers at a Signals School

Sitting: 2nd/O. B. H. W. Nimmo, 1st/O. M. R. Rathbone, M.B.E., Inst. Cdr. C. W. Winwood-Smith, R.N., 2nd/O. J. M. Penman, 2nd/O. E. M. Morris. Standing: Sub-Lt. N. C. A. Hawley, R.N.V.R., 3rd/O. F. M. Bell, C. P. Love, M. N. E. Hudson, Sub-Lt. R. G. Hartt, R.N.V.R.



## Officers of a Battalion of the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers

Front row: Capt. C. W. Goodless, Major T. L. Browne, M.C., Major T. A. Anderson, the Commanding Officer, Major J. Baker (Second in Command), Capt. P. H. McLaughlin, Capt. R. A. Harris. Middle row: Rev. Capt. Thompson, Lt. F. A. Hallir, Capt. P. D. Melvill, Capt. O. A. Peters, Lt. O. T. Ashton, Lt. J. E. R. Cairns, Capt. R. Blayney, M.M., A. Blane, P. H. Edridge, M.C. Back row: Capt. H. Baston, 2nd Lt. L. F. Smith, Capt. D. H. Hamilton, Lts. F. G. Ross, M.C., J. F. Gale, T. Robson, F. T. Oliver, T. D. Ford, A. E. Moreton



K. M. Crowe

## R.A.O.C. Officers at a Central Ordnance Depot

Front row: Capt. R. J. Vaizey, Capt. G. H. W. Angell, Major F. Blackwell, M.M., Major D. Hood, M.C., Lt.-Col. S. F. Clark, O.B.E., Col. A. S. Osborne, M.C., Lt.-Col. H. Sneath, Major G. J. Shaw, Major R. G. N. Curtis, Capt. N. Weights, Capt. A. D. Jackson. Middle row: 2nd Lt. J. W. Sharp, Lt. A. H. Ord, 2nd Lt. G. J. Warr, Lt. L. R. Rickaby, Lt. H. Ball, 2nd Lts. S. E. C. Nock, A. J. Chittock, R. Asquith, Lt. G. F. Wade, Capt. M. R. H. Comerford, Lt. B. R. Marshall. Back row: Capt. A. D. Hanshaw, Lts. C. L. Gillis, W. A. Wison, W. J. Solly, Capt. T. S. Lewis, 2nd Lt. C. C. Thody, Lts. S. F. Dillon, T. W. G. Davies, H. Sharp, S. Shaw, T. R. Etherington-Smith



## Officers of the 22nd (Tunbridge Wells) Battalion Home Guard

Front row: Lt. F. J. Brackett, Major A. D. Dawson, Major S. C. Smith, T.D., Capt. J. J. Marshall, Majors N. C. Yates, H. E. J. Morris, W. W. Vasey, T.D. (Second in Command), Lt.-Col. W. R. G. Bye, D.S.O., M.C. (C.O.), Capt. W. E. Jones, M.M. (Admin. Officer), Majors W. C. Long (Batt. M.O.), S. T. Rew, E. Field, R. Jeffery, E. H. Pease-Watkin, D.S.O., Lt. W. G. Harris. Second row: Lts. W. S. Garrett, S. C. Tomlinson, D.C.M., L. C. Jeeves, 2nd Lt. B. E. Towilson, Lts. E. B. Costello, A. J. Haward, D. MacNicol, Capt. S. A. Mackenzie, Lt. W. Blake Odgers, Capt. F. H. Taylor, Capt. G. Goldsmith, Lts. A. T. Goulden, A. W. J. Hicks, F. R. Philpot, H. G. Tucker, Capt. A. E. Rice-Oxley, 2nd Lt. J. H. Piper, Lt. C. W. Snazell. Third row: Lts. D. A. I. Brown, F. C. Rawson, E. J. Robson, C. O'Dell, R. B. Taylor, Capt. C. W. Turner, M.C., N. V. Snell, J. H. Soady, S. R. Hill, J. Adams, E. Turner, Lts. R. G. Butcher, T. Page, N. Smith, M.M., S. H. Rawson, J. W. Dean, M.C., 2nd Lt. E. A. Bunch. Back row: Lt. P. A. L. Maplesden, 2nd Lt. E. R. Appleton, Lts. E. C. Tomalin, D. R. Wagstaff, T. S. Davis, M.C., R. Markley, F. B. Carter, R. L. Hasler, 2nd Lt. D. O. Scrace, B.E.M., Lts. H. W. Baldwin, G. E. Austen, J. E. Brown, 2nd Lt. K. A. Floyd, 2nd Lt. L. F. Pettman, Lt. A. S. Henderson

Allwork

# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Foreigners in Time

To read Milton Waldman's *Elizabeth and Leicester* (Collins; 12s. 6d.) is to wonder why a subject so fascinating as this relationship should have remained, till now, more or less untouched; and, at the same time, to be glad that it has awaited Mr. Waldman's suitable pen. "Suitable" may seem a cool word of praise; in this case, I cannot find an apter one, for the treatment lines up with the subject in being fascinating. Mr. Waldman, as his *Sir Walter Raleigh* has already shown, seems to be able to place himself in the heart of the Elizabethan psychological atmosphere. He writes of those towering characters from a point of vantage. Research, however untiring, could not in itself be enough to account for this—intuition and temperament surely must play their part. An attraction towards any period of history must, I imagine, be a matter of recognising one's own psychological contemporaries.

To understand—in fact, even partially to inhabit—a given part of the past is one thing; to make it comprehensible to one's actual (or litera-) contemporaries quite another. Translation of a subtle kind is involved. In making Queen Elizabeth and Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, comprehensible to the twentieth century, not only as two individuals but as individuals in relation to one another, Mr. Waldman has accomplished, first of all, a masterpiece of translation.

No figure can profitably be studied as a cut-out—however brilliantly coloured, however detailed—pasted against a black calico screen. Background is essential: possibly ignorance of their background has made the great Elizabethans—and most, the woman who named the age—unnecessarily puzzling to us. The first chapter of *Elizabeth and Leicester*, entitled "Elizabethan Panorama," supplies the key to the story that is to follow. This key, the Elizabethan concept of "greatness," turns, in succeeding chapters, lock after lock.

## Greatness

We seem [says Mr. Waldman] to possess every facility for knowing the Elizabethan age except the power to understand its people.

Study their portraits. Though, like any other collection of faces, they exhibit the endless versatility of their Maker, they possess an unmistakable likeness to one another, a family resemblance sufficient to identify them in time and place even if the jewelled hairdressing, the starched ruffs and other period fripperies had been left out. Almost without exception they reveal pride, boldness, wary distrust. . . . But more even than what they show, those sixteenth-century faces are curious for what they do not show. In most portraits at least half the interest lies in what one imagines to lurk beneath the paint, in the impression given by the artist of what he had seen with the eyes of his mind while recording with his hand. There

is no such impression here, no suggestion of inner humility or self-doubt to contradict—or complement—the physical mask. It all appears to be on the surface, or perhaps more exactly, the surface seems to register all there is.

Or take their language. The common word "greatness," for example. To an Elizabethan it signified high worldly position, to us it conveys high moral and intellectual stature. For us it resides within a man, for him it resided without, like the rank, offices, titles and wealth to which it pertained; not a quality, as for us, but an attribute. . . .

Their essays and their more reflective poetry, like their dramas, stress man's relations with the outer world rather than his relations with himself inside himself.

The Queen and her favourite both breathed, drew life from, and from time to time were intoxicated by, the same air. Their attraction to one another, the parts they played in each other's destinies, their similarities—which were marked—were facts to be faced. Camden, historian of their own time, in writing of Leicester speaks of Elizabeth as "one to whom by a certain conjunction of their minds, and that haply through a hidden conjunction of the stars (which the Greek astrologers term Synastria), he was most dear."

The circumstances of their young days had been alike. Both their lives had hung upon threads (Robert, for his share in his father's conspiracy against Mary Tudor, had, in fact, been under sentence of death); both had been prisoners in the Tower—the romantic theory that they first met and loved there is, on the whole, discounted by Mr. Waldman. Her mother, his father and father's father, had died



Gorska-Hill

*Mrs. Ernest Hemingway, wife of the well-known war correspondent and author, is a novelist in her own right and already well known in America. Her latest novel, "Liana," written under her own name, Martha Gellhorn, has just been published in this country by Home and Van Thal. Like her husband, Mrs. Hemingway is at the moment overseas working as a war correspondent*

on the block. The Dudley family history—one of opportunism, rapacity and catastrophic falls at the close of reigns—was unpropitious; while, the legitimacy of Anne Boleyn's daughter was, at least for Catholics, open to question. Elizabeth Tudor and Robert Dudley shared a superb midday after a cloudy dawn. Dudley policy played a part in his attachment to the reigning monarch; Tudor calculation kept her feeling in check.

## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

NATURAL "spoilers" may not love universally, but they

By Richard King

joyfully wear themselves out to the wish-bone for the few they do adore. Theirs may not be The Sermon on the Mount delivered from a mountain, but it is undoubtedly that same Sermon lived out on a molehill. And they are so happy living their love that it always seems a shame to me when I realise that as a general rule, when the time comes for a well-merited bouquet, they too often receive a pre-war egg! Moreover, they never learn from past experience—few of us ever do, if it be our nature to feel happy for a time in our ignorance. It always astonishes and grieves them, therefore, when, in the hour of tribulation, those they have never spoiled come without hesitation to the rescue. The one for whom they were ready and willing to give a symbolical "shirt" walked away with that shirt, somewhat aggrieved that it did not also include an undervest. Whereas, those who had never looked for anything came forward to clothe their nakedness, so to speak, in mink.

The tragedy, I expect, lies in the fact that a giver always makes a taker, and those who take too often nearly always fail to feel "Thank you." The selfish, the inconsiderate and the cocksure egotist have always been in the first place the loved one of a spoiler. Their only amusing side is when, in a moment of conscience-smitten nobility, they do happen to cherish the spoiler, they are usually so

overwhelmed by their own sweetness that they are convinced they have been spoiling the spoiler all their lives.

A spoiler by nature can never be cured. They love, and there are no sluice-gates in their self-sacrifice. Therefore, those who can by temperament go through life letting themselves be loved get the better bargain out of it—even though retributive justice decrees that they never realise their luck. Perhaps they never know the glory of life's heights nor the spiritual education of its depths; their emotional dead-level is extremely comfortable. Being as they are, their sub-conscious whispers that, though by their casualness they may kill the Goose which has laid for them so many Golden Eggs, there will always be another Goose waddling their way. And there is!

Meanwhile, those who are born to love and born to spoil can never quite understand why the flowers which look so lovely in their hands seem to lose their scent so soon. Too late do they usually discover that in the long run the spoiled will always let the spoilers down. And to be loved and loved and loved soon runs mutual happiness out of breath. Human nature can rarely sustain its deepest appreciation and gratitude for gifts too easily got. It is among the sadder facts of life.

Nevertheless, spoilers can always have this consolation—more than anyone else in the spoiled one's world will they be sincerely mourned when dead!

## Counterparts

FOR thirty years the favourite and the monarch, the man and the woman, so well matched, kept each other in play; while the Court, England and Europe stood by—exasperated, perplexed. What a pair they were!

Enthusiastically as her subjects wished him at the bottom of the sea, often as her own exasperation consigned him lower than that, she knew she could never bear to part with him. He was her physical ideal, her intellectual complement, her masculine other self. However often their temperaments clashed and their opinions differed, they looked on life in very much the same way. . . . Amidst the strained vigilance and grimacing postures imposed on her by the affairs of State he was her point of rest, the one human being with whom she could sometimes relax and be herself.

Even to the Queen he was of inestimable value. Like every other monarch of her time she would have died of shame had her Court not done her credit, and on the unimpeachable word of roving Italians who had drunk their Castiglione pure, she possessed in Robert as brilliant an ornament as could be found in

(Concluded on page 24)



## Royal Air Force Personalities

Left: S/Ldr. Hugh ("Peggy") O'Neill, D.F.C. and Bar, has recently been appointed to command a squadron with the Second Tactical Air Force. Three years ago he went to defend Malta before linking up with the Desert Air Force

Right: W/Cdr. Frederick Desmond Hughes, D.F.C. and two Bars, an Irishman from Co. Down, has led the famous County of Middlesex Auxiliary Squadron since July. He has a personal "bag" of at least seventeen enemy aircraft, fourteen of them at night



W/Cdr. F. D. Hughes

S/Ldr. H. O'Neill



S/Ldr. J. H. Plagis

S/Ldr. J. H. ("Johnny") Plagis, Rhodesian C.O. of a Spitfire fighter squadron, was awarded the D.S.O. a short time ago. He already has the D.F.C. and Bar, won during operations in Malta, Sicily and Italy



G/Capt. A. H. Donaldson

G/Capt. Arthur Hay Donaldson, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, A.F.C., commands Spitfires of Fighter Command, which have been attacking V-2 sites in The Hague area. He fought in the Battle of Britain and in Malta



W/Cdr. J. Topham and F/Lt. W. Berridge

W/Cdr. John Topham, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, and F/Lt. W. Berridge, D.F.C. and Bar, his navigator, are now the leading night-fighter crew. They have flown over 2000 hours at night, and destroyed fourteen enemy raiders



Air Vice-Marshal V. E. Groom

Air Vice-Marshal V. E. Groom, C.B., O.B.E., D.F.C., was appointed Senior Staff Officer of the Royal Air Force Second Tactical Air Force this summer. He is seen at work at his headquarters



Air Vice-Marshal T. W. Elmhirst

Air Vice-Marshal T. W. Elmhirst, C.B.E., A.F.C., is Air Officer Administration of the Second Tactical Air Force. His appointment to this post was announced by Supreme Headquarters in July

## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 10)

notable for the number of young girls present who had decided on real evening frocks. Lady Vaughan, for instance, looked quite lovely in palest grey tulle, and her sister, Miss Patsy Macaulay, in palest blue, similarly made. Then Lady Newman's daughter, Lynette, was in fluffy white tulle, and probably the youngest there was sixteen-year-old Miss Virginia Hutchinson, looking very attractive in pale-blue net, a fluffy picture frock and with flowers in her fair hair. Other young girls were the Duchess of Devonshire's two daughters, Lady Elizabeth and Lady Anne Cavendish, Miss Anne Crichton and Lady Ovey's daughter. That Lady Hamond-Graeme should have her usual large party was almost a foregone conclusion, and this time it consisted of just over fifty, among whom were Marie Lady Willington (who never misses one of these balls), Lady Middleton, Lord Queenborough's popular daughters, the Hon. Audrey and the Hon. Enid Paget; Lady Irene Haig, Miss Lavender Scott-Robson, Miss June Smith-Ryland and Miss Diana Hope-Johnston. The Hon. Mrs. Rupert Anson, the Earl of Lichfield's sister-in-law, was another hostess for a party of young people for this ball. Her party included her two attractive daughters, Rosemary and Felicity; Miss Jill Royds, the débutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Royds, who has been helping her mother at the Red Cross sales headquarters; the Hon. Robert Maude, elder son of Viscount and Viscountess Hawarden; Sub-Lt. Godfrey Joly, Mr. Ian Oldham and Major Nicholas Harrison.

## Children's Party

THE Earl of Jersey helped his former wife, Mrs. Robin Wilson, to receive their friends at the children's party given by Lady Kent for her daughter and grandchildren. The party was an enormous success, and in the end it became almost a "combined operation" in which there were as many, if not more, grown-ups than children. Mothers, of course, abounded, headed by the Duchess of Kent, who brought her three children, Prince Michael being amongst the youngest there, and Mrs. Fred Cripp's Milo (who must be about sixteen) the oldest. The Duchess, like nearly all the women present, was hatless, and looked very lovely in black, with which she wore her diamond and sapphire flower brooch. The young Duke of Kent was in a grey flannel suit; Princess Alexandra was wearing a long white net frock with strap shoes of scarlet kid, and Prince Michael was in pale blue, a replica of his outfit being worn by four-year-old Lord Howland, who came with his mother, Lady Tavistock.

Mrs. Wilson's small daughter by her first marriage, Lady Caroline Child-Villiers, looked very sweet in a long frock of pale blue; the Hon. Sara Long, daughter of the Countess of Dudley and the late Lord Long, was there with her mother and stepfather; and Sir John Aird was there with his wife and their children.

All kinds of games had been organised for the children, and there was a Punch and Judy show, a huge Christmas-tree and a Father Christmas who distributed presents to all the children there.

Not only mothers, but grandmothers, too, came to the party. I saw Mrs. Walter Burns, whose daughter, Lady Carew-Pole, brought her children, there; and godmothers, too, like Mrs. James Corrigan, who was wearing her Air Force blue uniform, with its "Shaef" flash under the words "Wings Club."

In the end, the party became almost a cocktail-party, and people like Lady Cunard, the Duchess of Westminster, Lord and Lady Portarlington and Mr. "Chips" Channon joined in the fun.



Going to Southern Rhodesia

Vice-Admiral Sir Campbell Tait, K.C.B., M.V.O., the Governor-Designate to Southern Rhodesia, recently attended an informal tea-party given by the Rhodesian Women's Working Party at Rhodesia House in the Strand. With Admiral Tait above is his wife, who was with him at the party

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 22)

any court in Europe. He could dress, he could talk, he had manner. . . . His "wit, capable at once of entertaining agreeably and of designing deeply . . . together with a Delivery and Presence, commanded instant attention and respect."

"Roving Italians," and other foreigners, were concerned with a good deal more than Robert's ornamental value to Elizabeth's Court. Situation reports whizzed to all parts of Europe. And England shared the ambassadors' concern. Was Robert Dudley the reason why the Queen refused to marry? More, was she going to marry him? If not, were they lovers? And if not, why not? So we may ask to-day. The relationship, at once flamboyant and mysterious, is examined for us by Mr. Waldman with admirable delicacy and precision—here he writes as psychologist. But he writes as historian when he traces its effects on affairs of State.

The string of demises along Robert Dudley's (and, later, Leicester's) path could not fail to attract attention. The Amy Robsart mystery was the chief, and first, of many never quite satisfactorily cleared up; the Cumnor Hall affair has, in fact, elements of a best-selling detective story. Foreigners—how like them!—did not hesitate to say that Elizabeth had connived at poor Amy's murder. . . . Have we perhaps, till now, heard so little of the Elizabeth-Leicester story because it is, at its most innocent, somehow out of accord with our (largely Victorian) notions of Good Queen Bess? It is a strange—and strangely untragic—story. If you like, a little un-English, too.

## "Three Blust'ring Nights"

THE UNQUIET GRAVE: A WORD CYCLE BY PALINURUS" (Horizon; 15s.) is a book not for the vague enjoyment of many—indeed, the edition is limited—but for the exquisite enjoyment of a few. Who, it will be asked, from the opening page, is Palinurus? But first, who was he?—"Palinurus, a skilful pilot of the ships of Æneas, fell into the sea in his sleep, was three days exposed to the tempests and waves of the sea, and at last came safe to the seashore near Velia, where the cruel inhabitants of the place murdered him to obtain his clothes; his body was left unburied on the seashore." (Lemprière.) The identity of the living Palinurus, author of *The Unquiet Grave*, can hardly, given the importance of this book, remain for long undiscovered: sedulous and excited questioning will track it down. It is not, however, for me to give it away. Illustration, rather than concealment, has, I think, dictated the author's choice of "Palinurus" for pseudonym: for the Palinurus legend provides both form and symbolism for this—a year's journey through the mind of a writer.

*The Unquiet Grave* is an intimate diary of thoughts, sensations and memories. The four seasons of the containing year, with their deliciousness and anguish, their evocations of places and faces, of climates and moods, are reflected in it. The book's three "movements" (or parts) indicate with deepening intensity the sea-washed pilot's "three blust'ring nights." There is a grappling with the idea of doom, a grappling with the threat of obsession: these enter most into the treatment of love. The temperamental build of a writer has seldom—at least, in English—been so far allowed to appear. At the same time, the critic is ever-present—for Palinurus, among the waves, still gripped the helm, which had broken off with him when he went overboard.

"The more books we read, the sooner we perceive that the only function of a writer is to produce a masterpiece." Thus opens *The Unquiet Grave*. The prose style, at once taut and supple, disciplined and sensuous, is of a quality we are seldom given. To quote is tempting, but might be representative, for each entry is in underlying relation to the one before and after it. The production of *The Unquiet Grave* is worthy of its contents.

## Five Governesses

THE governess has a unique vantage point for espionage on any kind of society: should this interesting, doubtfully fortunate creature become extinct, fiction may sustain a severe loss. *The Skaters' Waltz*, by Elizabeth Kyle (Peter Davies; 9s. 6d.), presents different parts of the vast panorama of the late Austro-Hungarian Empire as seen, in different decades, through the eyes of five different English governesses. The idea is ingenious, the results are admirable—I do heartily recommend *The Skaters' Waltz*.

Our five heroines' adventures furnish five short stories, linked by the fortunes of the Pension Swan, Vienna; from which each, in turn, has set out. Miss Evans is involved in the Mayerling affair. Pretty, silly Miss Betts nearly has her heart broken in a lonely Hungarian country house. Correct and tactful Miss Neville stands by while her Polish charge gives her honour to save her patriot brother's life. Doughty Miss Blossom enters the Dracula country, to confront a young lady of what must be local proclivities; and independent, young Jane Baxter, as housekeeper rather than governess, shoulders her share of the management of the Villa Edelweiss, in the Tatra Mountains, after the last war, to remain on through this. . . . *The Skaters' Waltz*, apart from its entertainment value, has serious claims as a picture of Central Europe.

## Merry-Go-Round

"GIGI: THE STORY OF A MERRY-GO-ROUND HORSE," by Elizabeth Foster (Collins; 10s. 6d.), is an exceptionally fresh and charming children's book, which also has Old Vienna as its point of departure. Story, pictures and format are to be praised. Your child's book-token could hardly be better spent.





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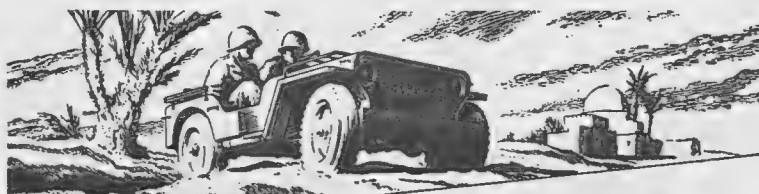
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**Erik** is using "nose" feathers this season. The model photographed is of navy blue felt, with a very becoming peak



**Fur** trims this off-the-face beret. It is made in brown and grey by Finnigan's



**Left:**  
**Black Satin** highlights this new folded beret. It comes from Debenham and Freebody



**Right:**  
**"Hackle"** feathers are Debenham's choice. They decorate a wine felt which is trimmed with corded ribbon





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## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

**B**ULL-FIGHTING doesn't appeal very much to Englishmen—but soldiers stationed at Gibraltar sometimes visit La Linea, just outside the fortress, to see what this Spanish "sport" is like.

A party of them were in the crowd at the bullring there one day, when the matador was not in very good form. Twice he failed to kill his bull and there was a good deal of barracking.

But as he took up position for a third—and final—attempt the jeers were hushed. The crowd waited in silence. Then suddenly the silence was shattered by a Lancashire voice:

"Owd on a minute, lad! Ah'll fetch thee my pistol."

**F**ROM Washington comes the story of a busy industrialist, summoned to the capital, who was kept kicking his heels in a waiting-room for three days by an all-too-disinterested receptionist. On the fourth day he invited her to dinner.

He ordered an elaborate meal—but only one portion of the first course was served, and it was placed in front of him. When the same thing happened with the second course, the receptionist demanded: "Didn't you order for me, too?"

"No," replied the industrialist, "now it's your turn to wait."

**S**AID the soldier to the girl at a dance: "I just can't see what keeps you girls from freezing."

Said the girl: "You're not supposed to."

**W**HEREVER U.S. forces have fought in the Pacific, reports have been circulated that the Japanese had Japanese women in their camps. Few if any such reports have been substantiated. Commander Myron W. Graybill, however, quoted a Solomon Islands native chief as having been positive the Japs had at least one woman at a camp near his village.

"How can you be so sure?" Graybill asked.

Replied the chief: "I ate her."

**I**N the middle of one of its most hectic engagements the battalion received a message allotting it vacancies on a "refresher" course. The C.O. replied that their requirements were nil as they were already holding their battle training locally.

**T**HE churchwarden was to be married to a nurse from a local hospital, and it was decided by members of the congregation to give him some token of esteem. A committee decided on a sum of money in a net purse worked by the curate's wife.

The decision was announced at a church meeting by the curate, a nervous little man.

"My dear friends," he said, "it has—er—been decided—er—to present to our esteemed friend, Mr. L—, on the—er—occasion of—er—his marriage, twenty-five pounds—and a pet nurse!"

**T**HE dramatic critic asked his newspaper to assign him to the front as a war correspondent and his request was granted. He had just belittled fourteen plays in a row.

"I hear," said one of the reporters, "that Gammond's going to cover the war."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated another, "supposing he doesn't like it?"



Mannell

**Sheila Douglas-Pennant**, the actress daughter of Rear Admiral C. E. Douglas-Pennant, C.B.E., D.S.O., is a full-time worker with the Entertainments Branch of the American Red Cross. She has appeared in several Cochran Revues and was last seen on the London stage in "French for Love"

**S**AM GOLDWYN of film fame is supposed to be always making "howlers" in his conversation. Here is a new one accredited to him.

Inspecting a new baby—a boy—Mr. Goldwyn adjured the parents: "Don't call him William. Every Tom, Dick and Harry is called William."

**O**NE day there was consternation at battalion H.Q. when six hefty Germans were seen advancing through a cornfield. The H.Q. personnel, expecting an attack, were preparing to sell their lives dearly when a very small Gurkha appeared leading in the men, whom he had taken prisoner. He had been entirely hidden by the waving corn.

**A**MUSICAL-COMEDY actress no longer in her first youth, joined a touring company. Business was not particularly good, and the tempers of the company suffered accordingly. Relations became somewhat strained between the "star" and certain members of the chorus. There came a knock at the "star's" door.

"Who is it and what do you want?" she demanded, sharply.

"There's a lady in front who'd very much like to see you. She says she was a friend of yours when you were at school. Shall I show her in?"

From the corridor came the voice of a catty chorus-girl: "Wheel her in!"



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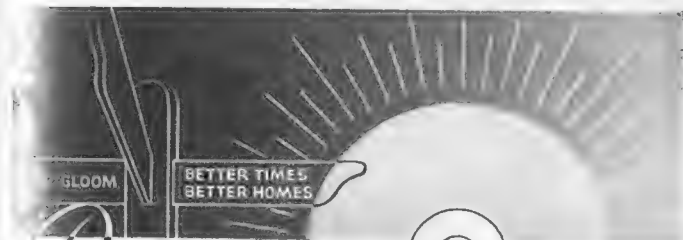
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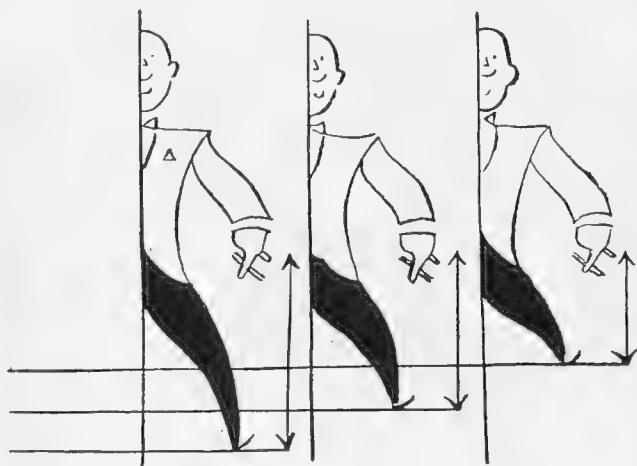
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## AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

### Publish

THOSE who think that a strong but silent Air Force can exist in any country in which votes decide political issues are wrong. In communist and in fascist countries air forces do not have to win popular support in order to exist and to develop. But in voting countries they do. Now the Royal Air Force does prepare and issue a number of publications. But they are all of them confidential or secret—which means that, like filthy post-cards, they must be passed round surreptitiously. But unlike filthy post-cards, they have not that absorbing human interest which ensures a wide circulation.

The United States Army Air Forces have something to teach us here. They publish a magazine which is widely and openly circulated. It does not contain military secrets; though it does contain a good deal of useful news. In my opinion it is high time the R.A.F. did likewise. The American publication is well produced and well edited. It is a professional job throughout and is good reading both for the expert and for that mysterious person known as the "layman." The cover is attractive, the lay-out is lavish and the reading matter is rich. Not only would it be good for the R.A.F. if it were to produce a similar publication; but it would help to guarantee the continued existence of that service. It is extremely important to note that the publication should not be a "boost" for the R.A.F. The slightest tendency in that direction would cause it to defeat its own purpose. The publication should seek to gain the interest of a large number of readers and not to gain their admiration.

### Balanced Information

THE Americans do not hesitate to reproduce in their publication dramatic pictures of American aircraft being shot down. They do not—in the childish manner we tend to adopt—confine themselves to showing enemy aircraft being shot down. If one were to judge from our officially issued pictures and stories—as I complained once before—one should assume that, although the war has been in progress 278 weeks, we have never had a single failure of any kind. We have been always facing superior odds in the air, yet always shooting down more of the enemy than we lose.

A little hard sense in these matters would do a great deal of good. I would like to see the R.A.F. getting out a magazine which everybody will want to buy, from the small boy to the centenarian, but which is not crude propaganda, but interest. It is true that I do not favour government publications of any kind. They are usually illegitimate. But this proposed R.A.F. magazine would not carry advertisements and it would have to be sold at an economic price. In other words it would not be cheap to buy. Under those conditions nobody in the competitive world of publication would object to it. The kind of publications to which they do—rightly—object, is that which ignores economics and sells for twopence what costs ten pounds to produce. Let us have that R.A.F. magazine and let us have it soon. Let it be a straight effort to give the news as it really is with no propaganda and no hushings-up about it.

### Civil Air

I do not want to make any comment yet upon the various charges that have been made in both Houses of Parliament against executives of the British Overseas Airways Corporation. The argument is still continuing. My only point is the very general one that you will always sooner or later get criticism of organizations with a monopoly or subsidy if you put in charge of them men of small experience. We have in British civil aviation a number of men who have gone through the hard school of making air transport pay. Sometimes they have not operated on a large scale; but that was because the real (as opposed to the factitious) demand for air transport was not on a large scale. But they do know the job. Why is it necessary to keep these men in the background? Why, when a really large civil aviation job has to be filled, does the choice fall on those with little or no aviation experience? In my opinion it is this point that leads to doubt about the wisdom of the appointments. It is the old custom of imagining that a man who knows something about flying, cannot possibly organize it.

### The A.B.A.O.

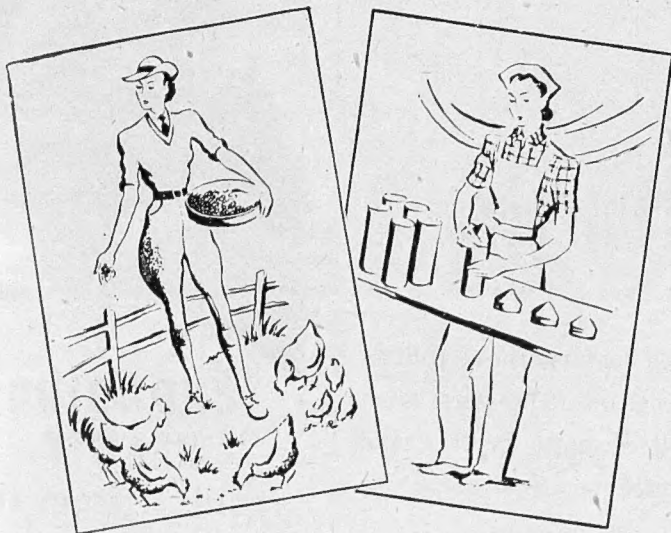
SOME hope of an improvement may be read into the formation of the Association of British Aircraft Operators. This is for air lines, flying schools and charter service companies. The temporary council includes seven of the small operators, all of them with vast practical experience of the kind we seem so reluctant to use in the much larger B.O.A.C. A permanent council is to be elected, I hear, at a meeting which will probably be held some time in February. The companies in the temporary council include Air Dispatch, Airports Ltd., Allied Airways (Gander Dower) Ltd., and the Straight Corporation. All seven companies in the council were operating air lines and schools before the war.

It is a sign of the times that the individual or the individual company has little power to act. There must be a group of companies working in concert if they are to make the slightest impression on the thick and thickening official hide. There is nothing quite so resilient as a permanent official. Indignation, rage, tears, blood and sweat have no effect. He is non-corrosive and immovable, the only person whose ambiguous answers are really final.



S/Ldr. L. J. Brown, D.F.C., is C.O. a record-breaking Air-Sea Rescue squadron, formerly commanded by W/Cdr. Grace. He recently received the American D.F.C., and has flown 3,000 hours, 1,000 of them in a Walrus





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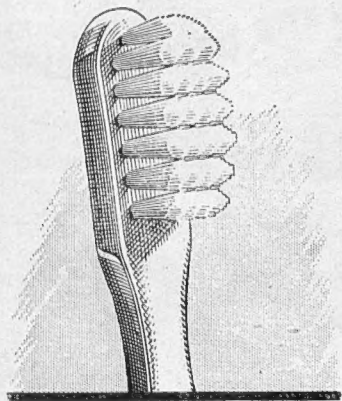
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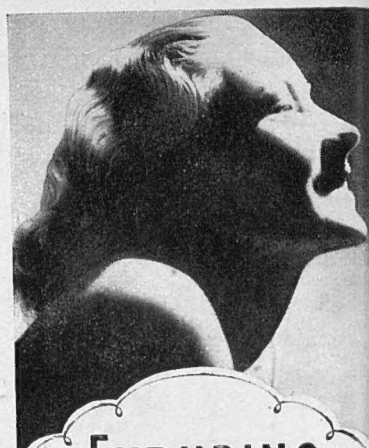
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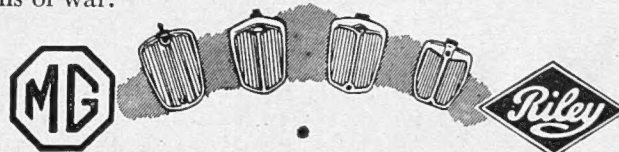
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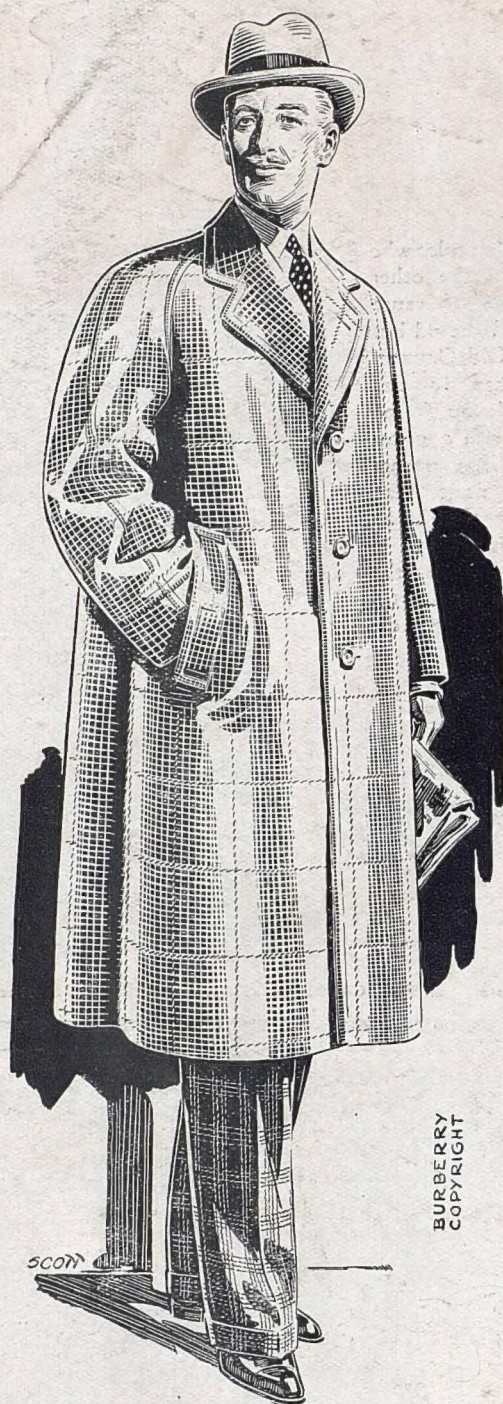
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